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SATURDAY, May 16, 1801.

The Girl of the Mountains.

[CONTINUED.]

[WE shall now look after the Countess le Marr, whom we left designing to set off for Saragossa. But before she could put this design into execution, an unexpected occurrence took place.—Her maid, finding the distressed situation to which she was reduced, without friends or money, refused to accompany her farther into Spain, (privately securing what few trinkets remained from the spoils of Antoine,) and insisted upon her return to France. The Countess heard her with astonishment, and considerable altercation ensued. Shortly after the friendly doctor came to see her, and to him she mentioned her uncertain and very unpleasant situation, the disappointment and ingratitude she had experienced, and the incertitude of her future plans. He, finding she was really a woman of rank and fortune, ill treated by a lover, and robbed by her servant, made an offer of his house for her accommodation, till she could have remittances, and offered to send off the different messengers she wished for. The Countess gladly accepted the proposal, and by the aid of the doctor, paid the deceitful Abagail her wages, and to her utter astonishment, left her at the post-house to shift for herself.]

Thus the Countess obtained a temporary asylum at the surgeon's, yet she continued to feel all that agonizing vexation attendant on the disappointment of every wish, the failure of every scheme, added to the corroding stings of self-accusation, that she deservedly suffered.

One morning, after a sleepless night, and a thousand terrifying images distracting her brain, she had thrown on her cloaths, and was walking in the garden, when a little girl came to tell her that a gentleman was there to inquire for the Countess le Marr.

The gentleman was with the family; he turned as she entered the apartment: she gave a piercing shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. In the same moment the stranger cried out, "Great God! who do I see?"

He stood transfixed, nor advanced to give her any assistance. The surgeon begged him to step into an adjoining room, but he had thrown himself into a chair, and was incapable of moving.

The ladies of the family were in the mean time endeavouring to restore the Countess to life, and the moment she opened her eyes, she cried faintly, "Save me, oh save me!—he comes to demand vengeance for murder!—Oh, hide me! cover me up!"

With some difficulty they carried her out of the room, and left the Count de Beauvais (for the reader will conclude it could be no other,) alone for a few minutes. Scarcely indeed did he credit his eyes or ears;—What! the Countess le Marr, was she the Baroness de Foulanges!—She! the murderer of his wife, the destroyer of his happiness!—was she the protectress of his Adelaide!—He shuddered at the idea.

Before he could arrange his thoughts on this strange and unexpected meeting, the surgeon returned. "The poor lady is quite wild; (said he,) no appearance of reason.—Pardon me, sir, may I enquire from what cause appears your great emotion? She was evidently terrified at seeing you, but you came here to ask for her, consequently your astonishment appears very extraordinary.

"Before I explain myself, (replied the Count,) have the goodness to inform me if any young lady is here with the Countess?"

"No such person is here, sir, nor has been lately with this lady, for I attended her during a severe illness at Tudella; she has been cruelly treated, and her constitution is very little capable of supporting such agitations as she now suffers."

"Cruelly treated! (repeated the Count, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven.)—Wretch that she is, how great are her crimes!—her sufferings, whatever they may be, how little adequate to what she deserves! But heaven overtakes the guilty, though slow in its punishment.

"This Countess, sir, was not known to me under her present title. I knew her once, indeed, (fatal remembrance!) under another name; hence arose my astonishment on seeing an object of horror and destestation in a woman whose person I supposed myself unacquainted with."

"I came here, sir, to enquire after a long lost daughter, who believes me dead, and who was, I am informed, some time since a companion with this Countess. Dearest Adelaide! little did you think it was with the Baroness de Foulanges you sought protection! You assure me no young person is, or has been with her for some time; alas! where now can I direct my search?—Perhaps she lives not. Merciful heaven! (cried he, raising his humid eyes,) in thy goodness I trust. Spare my child, and restore her to these arms good and virtuous."

The surgeon was much affected.—"Have the goodness, sir, to sit and endeavour to tranquillize your spirits. I will at-

tend the lady, should her senses be returned, perhaps from her we may learn where the young lady is."

He left the room to visit the Countess; she was on a bed, struggling with those who held her, screaming wildly on the Count, the Countess of Beauvais, the Countess of Angoulesme, Adelaide, Don Felix, and every object her imagination conjured up as coming to torment her.

She talked of poison, of murder, of apparitions, and demons tearing her to pieces; in short, she was wild and uncontroulable as the raging sea. As nothing rational or coherent could be gathered from her, the doctor returned to the Count, and repeated what he had seen. "Perhaps, sir, (continued the surgeon) when these paroxysms abate, we may be better informed; you had better wait the event, for she cannot long remain thus violent."

The Count, uncertain how to proceed, readily consented to remain there; indeed, his mind was so disordered by the painful recollection that oppressed him on this unexpected and little desired meeting, that he gladly retired into the garden to indulge those emotions he found it difficult to suppress.

Mean time the raving fits of the Countess continued without intermission, until she fell into violent convulsions, which held her above two hours, during which every requisite application was made to lower the disorder of her senses.

The remedies at length took effect; but, when the fits left her, and her reason appeared to return, the surgeon found such an alteration in her pulse, as convinced him she had but a few hours to live!

She grew perfectly sensible, and viewing the surrounding objects, "I *have* been, I *am* very ill, (said she, faintly, terrified by the most frightful ideas.)—Pray tell me, was I called to see a gentleman?—say, who,—where is that gentleman?—Did imagination deceive me?—was it a spirit or substance that looked so like the Count de Beauvais?"

"Compose yourself, madam, (said the surgeon;) *it was* the Count you mention. He came to inquire after a daughter."

She fixed her eyes ghastly on him; her lips trembled; she made two or three efforts to speak, before she could articulate her words: "He lives then!—wonderful!—Drowned—assassinated—yet he lives!"—She paused again; "Tell him he is revenged; —*his daughter* has murdered my happiness—destroys my life!—I know not where she is, with Felix I fear:"—then pausing again, she suddenly caught his hand—"Am I in danger?—speak;—do you think I am in danger?—*shall* I *die?* (she said, raising her voice,) tell me truly what you think."

"If I must speak, (returned he,) I think it next to an impossibility you can recover."

"O mercy, mercy! (she screamed,) how long, how long?——Where is the Count, (said she, with some energy,) where is the man who has given the final stroke?——O God! O God! must it be final!——How can *you* tell, sir, that I *shall die?*"

"You may hasten the hour by impatience, (said he;)—all power is in the hands of Omnipotence; but endeavour to be reconciled to the inevitable stroke.—The Count is in the house."

"Bring him, bring him! (said she, putting her hand to her bosom;)—I feel cold here, I feel my spirits sink."

For some moments she lay gasping; a little cordial revived her again, just as the doctor returned with the Count, whose agitations were little less than her's. She turned her eyes from him, and seemed almost convulsed; he was inexpressibly shocked:—"May heaven forgive you, unhappy woman!" he cried, and sunk upon a chair, almost lifeless.

She heard the words, and turned her averted eye upon him, saw the state he was reduced to, and beheld him a moment in silence; then desired some drops, and shortly after seemed to make an effort to exert herself.

"I believe it is over,—that I must die.—Oh, how terrible! Count, I confess I did poison your wife: Antoine and her chamber-maid were my instruments. The latter I soon had dispatched also—Antoine I dared not; he was—O shame!—he was my private gallant. I had you accused of the murder to complete my revenge. Louisa, the king's mother, hated you, for you refused her favours: she did not believe you guilty: she suspected me, but she was willing to profit by my crime, and to punish you. I wished for your death, I hated more than I had loved, but Louisa would not hear of it; she however persuaded Francis of your guilt, and perpetual banishment, the forfeiture of your estates, your name for ever disgraced, your child confined in a convent for life,—were the sacrifices she demanded. Francis complied unwillingly, but his mother was absolute.

"Soon after news came, that attempting to escape, you were drowned. Louisa, I saw grieved that her revenge had been carried so far; I rejoiced at the event: she cooled in her favours to me. My husband died; I very soon married the Count le Marr: he was rich; I had dissipated my fortune by various excesses: I plunged into them more boldly than ever. The Count le Marr died within a twelvemonth. Louisa had a fit of illness, which wrought a change in her disposition. She admonished me, I was insolent, and regardless of every decorum. She prevailed upon Francis to banish me to an estate I had in the Pyrenees, and, on pain of death, not to go one mile beyond it.

"My rage, my distraction was useless: I was driven from court, disgraced, and disregarded. My former flatterers left me to contempt. Antoine accompanied me; he partook of my fortunes, though he still appeared in the light of a servant; and, thro' his means, I heard now and then of what passed in the capital.

"At length I was informed of Louisa's death; I petitioned Francis, and succeeded in part; liberty was given me conditionally, that I came not within one hundred miles of Paris; I resolved to go to Spain. Fate resolved to punish me through the hermit of the Pyrenees; he brought me Adelaide, and I received her with joy.—She proved my curse, my bane. She seduced from me the only man I ever truly adored; she has given me the deadly wound that sends me to the grave."

Here she began to rave in a most incoherent manner, calling on several names, and making such dreadful execrations, that the Count withdrew.

When this temporary madness was over, she was so weak and enfeebled, that she could no longer give any account of past events. Monosylables, and a single word now and then, such as mercy,—forgive—crimes—murder—death, accompanied with bitter sighs, were all she uttered. Before night she became speechless, and, about two in the morning, a slight convulsion terminated a life spent in wickedness, and concluded in horror and despair!!!

What a lesson to the profligate mind was the life and death of this wretched woman! It is needless to point out the hand of Providence, which so singularly, by a chain of events, had by a severe, but deserved retribution, ordained her to quit the world in the presence of a man she had so cruelly injured,—in a strange land, without a friend to close her eyes, unknown, and unlamented!!!

When the last closing scene was over, the surgeon retired with the Count, and gave him a succinct account of all the preceding events at Tudella, the robbery committed by Antoine, the ingratitude of Mittand, and lastly, the pecuniary difficulties she was reduced to; concluding with his own peculiar situation, having supported her, and advanced money for the necessaries she wanted, and now he would have the additional expences of burying her.

The Count heard him with a mixture of concern, an involuntary sensation of pleasure at her sufferings, and a generous feeling for the humanity of the surgeon. The expected remittances could not be serviceable, and the Count knew she had relations in France, to whom her fortune would be a desirable object. He felt himself, as having in some degree accelerated her death by his unexpected appearance, and therefore bound to make good whatever monies the doctor had or should advance.

Fortunately he had the ability as well as the inclination to do it; and, having made his intention known, he was considered as uncommonly generous and forgiving, as such he was respected by the whole house, and they earnestly entreated him to make some stay there.

This he politely declined; he could have no ease nor rest till he found his Adelaide, and therefore signified his intention of going from thence the following morning.

Every expence being estimated, the Count produced bills of exchange for the money to the surgeon, and requested every thing might be carried on with decency and decorum.

The next day he took leave of the hospitable family, with an intention to call once more at the castle of the Marchioness, and find, if possible, this Don Felix, so frequently mentioned by the late Countess.—Fatigued both in body and mind, ruminating on the late shocking event, he proceeded with a great dejection of spirits, and many foreboding apprehensions for the safety of his child.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Criticism, No. 2.

I Have always conceived, that if a person laid a foundation, on which he proposed to build a handsome fabric, which would be both useful and ornamental to the city where it was intended to have been raised, and should abandon his plan, leaving it in such a situation that instead of beautifying the place, it had a contrary effect, it was perfectly consistent with every principle of equity, that in order to benefit the community, any one might erect upon this foundation, a building, which, though not finished in as elegant a manner as the founder intended, might bring it to a uniformity with the rest. So it is with respect to the periodical paper in the Repository entitled " Criticism," of which the author published the first number, a considerable time since, and has never continued it, consequently ceding to the public, or to any individual, the right of finishing what he begun. His plan will not entirely coincide with mine, as far as appears from the outlines in his first number, and perhaps it would have been more conducive to public utility, if he had retained it in his own hands. The name he bestowed on the infant offspring of his genius, I will assume, but his " bantling," I disclaim, as there will be but very trifling resemblance between his and mine: his object was to improve his readers by criticising those works which have made some noise in the world, and to regulate their tastes respecting them :—my views are confined to my cotemporaries, and brother scribblers, whose effusions obtain publicity through the medium of the Repository. This is my object in brief, and I hope that *Herodotus* will never accuse me of robbery, as he has been called on publicly to continue his publications, but has never complied.

The true end of *criticism* is to review publications of any kind, with attention and impartiality, to decide with judgement and accuracy, and to point out their defects or beauties. We should never pronounce an opinion of the kind, till we have considered deliberately and maturely, till we have weighed accurately the merits or demerits of the work and give the result of our enquiry with candour and freedom. To detect plagiarism shall be a leading principle, to point out grammatical errors or absurd ideas, shall also be a primary consideration, and I shall carefully endeavour to " shoot folly as it flies," wishing that the arrow may convey a mortal wound. After having premised my intentions, I will, in my succeeding numbers attempt to reduce this theory to practice, and for the present beg the reader's attention for a few moments to some cursory observations on a communication in the 25th number of this Repository, hoping that he will not suppose that any remarks I may make are suggested by any improper propensity to illiberally cavil at trifles. " The Disappointed Man," in his metaphorical comparisons of life, says— " it is a dark unwholesome *valley*, a little spot, on which to stop to look around us." This is certainly an idea which few would have thought of, to make choice of a valley for a spot on which we stop to survey surrounding objects. Another passage I will just notice—" Stale *scenes* by crazy painters drawn ; *rehearsed* by madmen, when the *ill-fated moon* plays on the melting brain, &c." This is certainly composition possessing a vast deal of *sublimity*, but the *rehearsal* of *scenes* is certainly out of the common line, and the making the moon *ill-fated*, is an irresistible simile. Indeed the whole of the fragment savours too much of affectation, and in the words of Junius, the celebrated author of the letters with that signature, Philomel, madmen, and exclamations favouring of insanity, " dance through his work in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion." X

MR. HOGAN,

IN your last number I observed a piece with the signature, " A mother" affixed, which contained some very severe observotions upon an address to A Friend to the Fair Sex, and some *very shrewd* conjectures of the materials of which I am composed. To any of the sex, it has always been my *serious* opinion that all possible respect ought to be paid them, to which the distinguished station they occupy in society entitles them ; and to a parent in particular, as age is always, or at least ought to be venerated. I have observed, that it is by no means an uncommon circumstance to affix a respectable name to a publication, in order to ensure attention, and that it may carry with it a stamp that will procure it approbation. That this is the case in the present instance I will not pretend to assert, altho' I have suspected as much ; but the signature is entitled to my respect, and ensures attention to the whole piece. It is extremely unfortunate, that *some people* are so apt to look only on the surface of things and neglect to search to the bottom e're they decide,—that a thing must be grossly evident to suit their comprehension. These remarks ought not to be considered as applicable to the piece before us, although " A Mother" has so totally mistaken my meaning, as to suppose that I was delivering my serious opinion, when only attempting to show, in all its absurdity the idea some people entertain of the fair sex. None but those who are inflated with false notions of their own importance can entertain ideas of female insignificancy, so contrary to every principle of truth and justice. If it were not thro' respect to the signature, it is not improbable but I might make some observations on the *facility* with which some people adopt *erroneous conceptions*, and the *virulence* which is frequently perceptible in pieces which are founded on *miscomprehension*. To add more, than to return my thanks to " A Mother" for the *delicacy* visible throughout her piece, would be superfluous. IGNOTUS.

Anecdotes.

THE celebrated Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, hath observed, that no hypochondriac, even in a fit of delirium should be provoked, but by every contrivance soothed. I have heard, says the doctor, of an hypochondriac so provoked at his physician who maintained that nothing ailed him, that he, on the contrary, to carry his opinion of his desease as far as possible, at last took it in his head, that it had attained its height, by depriving him of life. He continued obstinately in the notion of being dead, till a more sensible practitioner was called in to see him. This gentleman agreed that he was dead but, as he could not discern the particular cause of his death he, therefore, proposed to open the body ; in setting about which, he made such a clashing with a great apparatus of instruments, he had provided for the purpose he intended, that the patient was roused from his obstinate sullenness, and allowed that this physician had come nearer to his case than any of the rest, but acknowledged that he now found he had some small remains of life.

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A Negro had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising a variety of tryrannical acts among his slaves, the tyrant died, and left his son heir to his estates. Sometime after his death, a neighbouring gentleman, (who happened to be pretty well acquainted how his slaves were used by him) meeting the Negro, asked him, how his *new* master behaved ; but before the Negro could answer him, says, I suppose " he is a *Chip* of the *old Block*." " No, no," Says the Negro, " New massa be *all Block*."

Adventures in a Castle.

An Original Story.

(CONTINUED.)

Undaunted by the certainty that he was at a great distance from his companions, he persisted in his resolute undertaking, and grasping a brace of pistols, with cautious steps pursued the assassin (who had by this time ceased to descend,) thro' the winding avenues of the subteranean apartments, when he suddenly fell through a trap door into the vault below. Here he remained a considerable time senseless from the fall; one of the pistols, which he held in his hand was discharged, and the report reverberating from the gloomy cavities, vibrated on the ear of the astonish'd Gerald with such an awful sound, that he remained almost lifeless with terror. When reason had resumed her functions over his mind, he removed himself as fast as his trembling limbs would bear him, from the spot which had inspired him with such dreadful apprehensions, unable to comprehend from what cause they had arisen. While Gerald was proceeding to execute his diabolical purpose, far other sensations pervaded the breast of Louis: providentially he had not received any material injury, and when he had recovered from the swoon into which his fall had thrown him, he arose disappionted, because he now believed himself incable of preventing the accomplishment of Gerald's murderous designs on the unknown victim. Picturing to himself some unfortunate man fallen into the hands of his enemies, and suffering under the dagger of the nightly assassin, he paced with hasty steps the cavern into which he had been thrown, when a deep a groan assail'd his ear. His first sensation was an involuntary emotion of fear, but listening for some minutes attentively, and not hearing it repeated, he attributed it to his perturbed imagination.

After some minutes had elapsed it was repeated, and he heard it too distinctly to suffer him to consider it as the wanderings of his own disordered fancy. Advancing towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, he perceived the reflection of a light proceeding from an iron grate, and which upon a nearer view he found was placed upon a small table in the adjoining vault. Near it was a man in chains, lying on a miserable bed of straw, from whom the groans which had alarmed him issued. He had scarsely reached the grate when an opposite door opened, and Gerald, the same whom he had followedso long, entered the vault. Louis had one pistol charged, and that he determined to use in the preservation of the helpless sufferer, and as the assassin was preparing to execute his infamous purpose he exclaimed,—" Infernal instrument of tyranny, go to that world where thy black soul shall suffer torments worthy of so foul a miscreant," and at the same moment Gerald received a ball in his breast from the hand of Louis. Roused by the noise from a broken slumber, the prisoner raised himself from the floor, and presented to the eye of the astonished Louis the ghastly countenance *of his brother Henry*. Joy at once more beholding those beloved features, inspired him strength, and grasping the bars with a nervous hand, he wrenched the whole out of its position, and in an instant he found himself in the arms of his brother. When the first emotions attendant on such an occasion had subsided, they resolved to return by the way Gerald had entered the dungeon. Louis therefore searching the pockets of the deceased murderer, found the keys which fastened the chains round the body of Henry, and liberated him. Leaving the lamp upon the table they quitted this gloomy dungeon, intending to direct their steps towards the mansions of the living without any light, rather than expose themselves to detection. Carefully moving along the vaults, they passed the trap door, through which Louis had descended, and ascended the staircase; as they were moving along the dark passages at the top, they heard the report of a pistol at some distance, and in a few minutes they were joined by M. Dupont, who placing his finger on his lip in token of silence, beckoned them to follow him, and proceeded with hasty steps in the direction towards the door by which they had entered the castle: but as they were descending the spiral staircase, they heard a hoarse voice at the bottom, calling to others, and bidding them " guard all the out-lets, and they had them safe enough." They, upon hearing this, measured back their steps with rapidity, and were as quickly pursued by others, whose hoarse voices proceeding in different directions, announced their approach. The fugitives were obliged to separate, and Louis and Henry entered a recess, which by its gloom favoured their concealment. Unfortunately, their pursuers thought proper to seach it, and they were both discovered, conducted to separate apartments, and put in fetters, to prevent the possibility of their escape. Henry, reduced in mind and body by the severity of his confinement, suffered himself to be bound without murmuring, but the ardent spirit of his brother Louis, disdained confinement, and it was with difficulty they secured him. He demanded for what reason he was to be kept a prisoner, and heaped curses upon them, but they only sneered at his impatience, and left him to his own thoughts. Meanwhile, M. Dupont, and those who accompanied him, had found their way to the subterranean apartments, and by means of a breach made by the all-destroying hand of time esaped from the walls of the castle. His first step was to go to court, where he stated to the king every circumstance, and was allowed a body of soldiers to search the castle. They did so, but in vain, not a soul was to be found, all was undisturbed solitude, and he was under the necessity of leaving his wards to their fate. Months passed away, but the cloud of mystery was not dispelled, when one evening, when the family had all retired to bed, a violent knocking was heard at the gate. This untimely intrusion roused M. Dupont, who dressed himself, and went below to know the cause: he found the servants huddled together, disputing who should open the gate, for since the inexplicable disappearance of Louis and Henry, a superstitious fear had pervaded the bosom of every domestic. M. Dupont ordered them to follow him, and he opened the gate, when in rushed a figure covered with blood and dust—a sanguine stream issuing from his arm, which hung lifeless at his side.

The servants uttered a cry of terror, and clung round their master, when the stranger sunk on the floor, fainting through loss of blood. A couch was prepared for him, and every attempt made to recall departed animation, but in vain: the face was cleansed of the blood which besmeared it, and the pallid features proclaimed that the stranger was the lost Louis. Grieved to the soul to be obliged to lose him the moment he was found, M. Dupont exerted himself to blow into existence the latent spark of life, and was at length successful. The blood flowing from the wound in his arm was staunched, and a deep groan issued from his lips. The faint prospect of recovering him stimulated the faithful guardian to new exertion, and he had at length the satisfaction of perceiving his eyes open, and a reviving cordial completely restored him to life: But a delirious fever raged through his veins, and he raved with all the incoherence of madness: " *his brother, his murdered brother,*" was the principal object on which his wandering fancy seemed to rest. Seven days he existed under the influence of madness, when his ravings subsided, and he sunk into a state of insensibility. M. Dupont

was sensible that the crises of his disorder was at hand, and conceived his inanimate situation as only a prelude to dissolution. "Ill fated youth, he exclaimed," evil was the planet that presided at thy birth, under its influence have all thy days been tainted with misfortune, and the dart of death is already extended to deprive thee of existence. Small has been thy portion of happiness here, but thy reward is yet to come."

The worthy owner of the chateau had sent for a surgeon from the neighbouring village as soon as he had discovered in the person of the wounded stranger his beloved Louis. M. Burton, the surgeon who was expected, was an English gentleman who had studied physic and surgery under the most eminent of the profession in London, but owing to some disgust he had taken to his native country, he retired to France, and took up his residence at the village in the vicinity of the chateau, where he continued the practice of his profession, with equal ability and success. He possessed a perfect knowledge of the French language, as he had resided in the kingdom for many years, and could converse on any subject with ease: his sentiments were expressed without affectation, and his conversation displayed superior talents and refinement: it may therefore be supposed, that he was a frequent visitant at the chateau, where his arrival was ever greeted with an unaffected welcome. He had married a French lady, by whom he had one daughter, and this endearing tie bound him still closer to the country. Upon Monsieur Burton's examining Louis's arm, while he was insensible, he found that a ball had been lodged there, but it was luckily extracted without injury. At M. Dupont's request, this humane gentleman, whose heart was ever alive to sensibility, consented to remain at the chateau till reason superceded madness, or his patient paid "the great debt of nature." The crises of his disorder was fast approaching, his breath grew short, and delusive hope was banished from every bosom, and gave place to despondency. Every contenance wore the livery of sorrow, and gave the strongest testimony of the love they bore to him; at length he appeared to have entirely ceased to suspire; all his melancholy friends were seated round the bed, waiting the moment when his soul should depart "to him who gave it." The silence which had reigned for some time, was at length interrupted by M. Berton's saying in a low tone, "I believe all is now over, but there is a possibility that he yet lives, and may be only sleeping." Then turning to one of the servants he ordered him to bring him a small mirror, which he placed before his lips for a few minutes, and upon examining it found it sullied, and communicated the pleasing intelligence to his mournful auditors, that he yet breathed, and was asleep, which he considered as a happy omen. Several hours did the unfortunate Louis remain perfectly insensible, but at length he moved, to the revival of the hopes of his friends, and in a few minutes opened his eyes, and stretching out his hand to M. Dupont gently pressed his, while a faint smile gleamed across his countenance, on which they thought the unremovable seal of death had been affixed. From this time his health gradually returned, and in a few weeks he was able to leave his room, but not a word was uttered by him respecting the affairs of the castle, and whenever it was alluded to, it seemed to turn his brain to madness. As it seemed to affect him in such an extraordinary manner, M. Dupont deferred an explanation of past events, till he was perfectly restored, and time had in some measure obliterated the traces of this unknown misfortune from his memory, or at least destroyed the keeness of the injuries he had received.

JULIUS.

(To be continued.)

Commentator, No. 9.

"What man dare, I dare,
"Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
"The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcanian tiger,
"Take any form but that, and my firm nerves
"Shall never tremble."

SHAKESPEARE.

IT is surprising what influence over the human mind, superstitious fear of supernatural power has, even over those whose firmness of mind resists impressions of other sorts. A dread of something that is not known, of which no accurate conceptions, no consistent ideas can be formed, clothes the mind with an indescribable sensation of awe, and seems to absorb all its faculties. Those, who never experienced a sentiment bordering on fear, who have seen without emotion, death in all its horrid forms, feel themselves as subject to its influence as the most timid, but innocence, "a conscience clear of offence to God and man," has the least reason to dread the intervention of supernatural agency in their affairs. To decide whether any departed spirit is ever permitted to revisit the regions of the living, or not, is not in my power, for I confess it would require occular demonstration to convince me of its reality, many believe in it, and firmly suppose that they have seen and received friendly monition from spirits of the dead, who have returned on earth from their eternal residence for their benefit. Whether this is reality, or only the offspring of a disordered imagination, operated upon by a conviction of irregular conduct, it is equally impossible to determine. This, however, experience has ascertained, that from whatever cause it has arisen, the supposition of the interference of supernatural agency in their behalf, has occasioned a reformation of conduct in many, whose irregular lives would have afforded ample testimony against them at the awful day of judgment. In some cases, this fear of something of which no clue is given, but which the human imagination is allowed full scope to exercise itself in conjecture, may have a beneficial tendency; but it is far from being generally useful, for weak minds are so liable to receive with facility this impression, that it stupifies their mental faculties, and renders them incapable of the necessary exertion of them. The idea of person's feeling presentiments of evil, pervades the minds of many, but to me it always appeared as a delusive chimera, and though it may seem at times to be a substantial matter, by our accidentally thinking that some injury will shortly be sustained, which by continual reflection is reduced from possibility to probability, and from thence by the strength of the imagination, it gradually infuses into our minds, not only a fear of it, but a belief that it positively will happen, and the event confirming it. Many have told me of the reality of this, and of the confirmation of their fears by the occurrence of the very thing they dreaded, yet I have never been convinced that it was to be attributed to any thing but chance, for it would be productive of eternal wretchedness to mankind, if they could explore the page of futurity at pleasure. We enjoy happiness almost as much in prospect as possession, and if man could trace his own fate through the mazes of futurity, the pleasure in store for him would lose its value, and misfortune be received with additional bitterness; because what happiness we are certain of, appears of less value than what is only in expectation, which may be bestowed, and also may be withheld, and ill fortune is always received with dissatisfaction. Having ascertained what will occur during the period of our existence, there would be no motive to stimulate us to exert ourselves to procure enjoyment, as no powers of our own could

alter our destiny, and we should sink into a state of peevish discontent, our faculties would fall into total disuse, and what were intended by the "All-wise Disposer of events" as blessings, by our own natural propensity to repining, would become curses.

At night, when all the world is enveloped in gloom, and our imaginations subjected in some measure to its influence, then this superstitious fear assails our senses, gives life to inanimate things, and causes common things to appear as effected by something supernatural to our terrified fancy. The too prevalent practice of instilling into the minds of children a belief of "the existence of spirits and spectres," and a dread of being alone, lest some supernatural appearance should be seen by them, is the principal source of all the mischief this fear has occasioned; for it generally takes such deep root in their minds, that it is seldom eradicated by any attempts that are made, and maturity of years and understanding are not always competent to the exclusion of it. This practice ought, of consequence, be discouraged, as a thing extremely prejudicial to the happiness of society, but this has been so often treated of by abler pens, that I shall now conclude this paper, after having given my voice in disapprobation of this pernicious custom, which has such an injurious tendency to destroy the firmness of youthful minds, and give access to absurd prejudices. J.

P. S. *The Commentator presents his compliments to* J. C. *the author of the criticism on his seventh number, and considers himself under obligations for the candour of the remarks, while he admits the justice of most of them. His observations certainly evince perspicuity in detecting errors and inaccuracies, and at the same time that he is an adept in the art of Composition; the liberality he displays merits my candid acknowledgments, that his remarks are generally founded on justice, and that some of the inelegancies he points out are gross; but it must be urged in excuse, that it is impossible totally to avoid them. Conscious of the many blemishes which may be found in these numbers, (for which I must crave the indulgence of the reader,) I would not attempt to palliate them, nor oppose the judgment of the learned* J. C. *were it not my opinion, that some of his sentiments respecting them, were adopted from miscomprehension, not from any defect in judgment; but with this supposition, I will make a few remarks upon his criticism. The sentence in which he supposes a philosophical error exists, was understood by the author to express, that man alone* combined *the faculties of discriminating between both* moral and natural *good and evil; this obviates, in my opinion, the objections he has raised, as it certainly is to be understood in a general sense, and not that man alone possesses the faculty of discriminating between* moral *good and evil, or* natural, *separately, but both combined; the former it is allowed that he possesses exclusively, and in the latter he certainly participates with the animal creation, tho' in an inferior degree. His miscomprehension in the next instance surprised me, for I had supposed that the dullest capacity would not have made so glaring a mistake, as to think that "instinctive knowledge was the adviser," when it is evident that it is the "master-passion." The innate principle, of which he wishes to know the signification, appears from the antecedent sentences to be "the instinctive knowledge of good and evil," and is a thing which has been the subject of much contention among the learned. Mr. Locke, in his Essay on the Human Understanding, exerted all his logical powers, to prove its non-existence, but his arguments were insufficient to contradict the incontrovertible evidence of the senses.*

The urbanity for which this criticism is distinguished, merits my warm acknowledgments, and I hope the author will not suppose that the few observations I have presumed to make in opposition to some of his sentiments, are to be attributed to mortified vanity, but on the contrary, I am obliged to him for his remarks.

J.

ANSWER TO Q.'s QUESTION,
MAY 9th.

What! must my sympathizing bosom smart,
Again, thro' obstacles which lovers part?
No sooner help'd poor John and Nan to bed,
Than Q. again distracts my heart and head.
Should others disappointed, still pursue
This course—I need have nothing else to do,
Than help distressed lovers to their blisses,
By gratifying grandma's whims, and misses,
A task unfitting for my tender frame,
Then pray take pity on my nerves, for shame;
Nor wound a tender heart thus o'er and o'er,
Which sympathy makes bleed at every pore.
Thy case friend Q. is dreadful to be sure,
And such as but few lovers could endure:
To have thy hopes impeded by *cube root*,
When thou impetuously art in pursuit.
And why a question in *cube root*, should prove,
Thee worthy of the object of thy love;
To such a novel doctrine—I declare—
It makes me almost mad enough to swear.
What has *cube root* to do with *thy* concern?
Heav'n knows, thou hast enough besides to learn; (tions put,
Should Miss, like grandma, puzzling ques-
And should she yet, moreover prove a slut,
And to this—should also prove a scold,
She'll magnify thy cares a thousand fold;
But let me not anticipate thy sorrow,
Sufficient are the evils of to-morrow.
Then let us now proceed to solve the doubt, (out;
Which grandmama has rais'd to throw thee
So shall thy present sorrows disappear,
And I shall realize thy nuptial cheer.
Now if the *cube* is, as beneath it says,
Ninety-one years, one month, one week, six days; (will be,
The *root* four years, six months, one day
Which by extracting it, you'll plainly see.
Add these, and you will find it well agree,
With ninety-five, sev'n months and moity;
Then grandma's age is, as you will discover,
Ninety-one years, besides the fraction over,
Of just one month, one week, and sev'n days more;
Pity, she had not died when but fourscore,
Then Q.'s anxiety had all been sp ar'd,
Nor I have been puzzl'd with a task so hard. R. W.

—

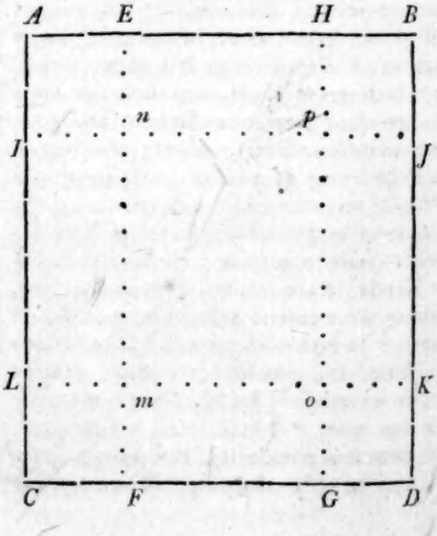
Another Solution of the above, by N. M. an ingenious correspondent of GERMANTOWN.

Put x^3=the grandmother's age, whose cube root is x, then $x^3+x=95.625$, and by a few trials x is found to be greater than 4.4, but less than 5, therefore let $a=4.4$, and $a+e=x$, which raised to the cube, and rejecting all the powers of e above the square, and adding $a+e$, we have $a^3+3a^2e+3ae^2+a+e=95.625$, which brought into numbers, and reduced, gives $e^2+4.47575e=0.457651$, and solved we find $e=0.1$ therefore, $a+e=4.5=x$, which cubed, gives $x^3=91.125=91$ years, 1 month, 2 weeks, the age required.

—

Answer to K.'s Question, in the 22 Number of the Repository, by the same.

CONSTRUCTION.



First, the four squares, *An*, *Do*, *Cm*, *Bp*, are similar and equal to each other, each side being $=33\times5=165=a$, and 330 the feet in 20 pole $=b$, and $x=AB$ the breadth in feet, then $b+x=AC$ the length, from which the area is $b+x\times x=bx+x^2=AB\times AC$, again $AC-CL-IA=b+x-2a=x$, $2a$ being $=b$, therefore $x=Ll=mn$, and $AB-AE-HE=x-2a=EH=np$, and the area is $x-2a\times x=x^2-2ax=mn\times np=\frac{1}{3}$ the area of the meadow, therefore $x^2-2ax=\frac{bx+x^2}{3}$, which multiplied gives $3x^2-6ax=bx+x^2$, and reduced we have $x=\frac{6+6a}{2}=660$, from which the area is found to be 15 acres—the Answer.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *It was at the solemn hour of midnight, when all nature was lock'd in the arms of* Morpheus, *and nought disturbed the stillness of the night, save the parish clock, which numbered the sad hours—when the plough-boy, wearied with the labour of the day, enjoys that repose unknown to luxurious palaces. It was then Emma, with slow and silent steps, quitted her father's cottage, to pay a last tribute of tears to her departed Edwin, at his grave.—"No more "with pleasure do I sit at the foot of yon lofty "pines, and listen to the sweet notes of the "feathered choir, as I was wont when Edwin "lived," said the fair mourner, whilst sighs as soft as zephyrs stole from her heart. "Alas! "his pipe neglected, no more shall fill the "shady bowers with Emma's praise. The lit-"tle warblers will forget to sing, for Edwin "no more echoes their mellifluous tones in "mild symphonic song; the lillies of the "field will droop their heads, for no more "will they be plucked by Edwin's hand, to "grace his Emma's hair."*

"But why bursts the intrusive sigh, why "falls the unavailing tear? Will these recall "my Edwin from the tomb? Ah! no—"would to heaven,"—she paused—"Yes it "must be." The heaving bosom pants for "ease, the streaming eye is filled with peace. "Edwin must I leave thee? 'Tis only for a "time, we soon shall meet again, to part no "more." She arose and sweetly spoke a fond farewell—

"Mild breath of spring! fan lightly my "Edwin's grave. And you, ye feathered song-"sters! perch on the weeping willow and "in plaintive strains, aid me to sing his vir-"tues. Foot of the passing stranger! rest "a while at his tomb. Shepherds! let fall "a tear to Edwin's memory. Hark!—though "solemn stillness rules around, yet me-thinks "'tis the language of eloquence,—the praise of "my Edwin's—Each evening will I bathe his "tomb with my tears, and kiss his clay-cold "grave, whilst I hide from the unthinking "world, my grief."—

Ten solar revolutions have since passed away. The village swains in vain press Emma to partake their rural pleasures; she answers only by her tears. But true as the needle to the pole, she pays a midnight visit to her Edwin's tomb * * * *LAVINIA.*

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 9, 1801.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 7th inst. by the Mayor, Mr. George Wilson, merchant, to Miss Sarah Lynn, daughter of Mr. Joseph Lynn, of the Northern Liberties.....On the 9th, by the Rev. Bishop White, Mr. James Prosser, to Miss Ann Farmer.....On the 10th, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. William Rosbottom, Whipmaker, to Miss Eliza Apkey....On the 11th, by the Rev. William Latta, the Rev. George C. W. Potts, pastor of the fourth Presbyterian Church, to Miss Mary Engles, daughter of Mr. Silas Engles, of Southwark....On the 12th, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Robert Hodgson, of the Head of Sassafras, (Maryland,) to Mrs. Walker, of this City.....On the 14th, at Friend's Meeting-house, Mr. Richard George, to Miss Tacy Humphreys, daughter of Mr. Richard Humphreys.....On the 14th, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Helfenstein, Mr. John Willis, to Miss Susannah Hahn.....On the 14th, by Alexander Todd, Esq. Mr Jacob Hamer, of the Valley, Montgomery County, (Pen.) to Miss Mary Hamelright, of this City..... On the 14th, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, John Miles, Esq. of Milesborough, Centre County, (Penn.) to Miss Mary Ingels, daughter of George Ingels, Esq. of the Northern Liberties, Philadelphia County.

.....At Trenton, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr Armstrong, Mr Eli Valletti, of Annapolis, (Maryland,) chaplain of the United States Frigate Philadelphia, to Miss Ruth Nice, of that place.

.....On the 7th inst. by the R. R. Bishop Carroll, Robert Goodloe Harper, Esq. to Miss Carroll, daughter of Charles Carroll, Esq. of Carrelton.

.....At the seat of Mr. James Caldwell, near Woodbury, (N. J.) on the 14th inst. Mr. Crooke Stevenson, merchant, to Miss Mary Beaven, daughter of the late Mr. William Beaven, of this City.

.....At Providence, (Del. C.) on the 14th inst, at the Friends Meeting-house, Mr. Israel Taylor, to Miss Mellen, both of that place.

DIED....In this City....On the 13th inst. in the 63d year of her age, Mrs Sarah Sims, late widow of Mr. Andrew Sims.....On the 13th, Mr John Cisty.....On the 13th, in the 77th year of her age, Catharine Stuber.

.....At New-York, on the 12th, David Van Horne, Esq. adjutant general of that state.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles of Intelligence will in future be discontinued—Tho' this article formed part of the original Prospectus, which has hitherto been strictly adhered to, yet experience has proved it not generally acceptable to our readers, as those who make the news of the day a part of their amusement, anticipate it in the daily papers. This arrangement, however, is not meant to extend to the list of *Marriages* and *Deaths*, nor to any remarkable occurrences that may occasionally happen—Communications of this kind will be thankfully received.

The first number of "*Edward Walwin*," is received, but from the smallness of the specimen, no judgment of its merits can be formed—it would be esteemed a favour if the writer would transcribe and forward the whole.

"*Hints to those designed for the profession of the Law*," contain nothing but what has long been the subject of declamation, and has ceased to interest.

"*Fénélon's Ode to the Abbey of Carénnac, and its invirons*," was received some time ago, tho' neglected to be acknowledged—it has only been delayed on account of its length, and previous engagements.

"*Nugator, No. 2.*" is received—still, we must say, the writer appears to have no determined object—and "trifles light as air," seem to occupy his attention.

"*R. C.'s*" hint will be attended too.

"*A. Rilharman*" is informed, that the piece he refers to will appear as soon as convenient.

"*An Epistle to T. W. de la Tienda*," is too invidious for publication.

"*Constance*" will appear in due time.

"*A. B.*" who has *discovered* that "*A Reader's Gleanings*" is not original, would do well to peruse the *Reader's* first number.

☞ *The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed that their 7th payment will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.*

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

I lately got possession of an original letter, written by a handsome and amiable single lady of Lancaster, to her intimate female friend, who is married, and resides there; and I send you a copy of it, with a request, that, if approved, it may receive a place in your amusing and instructive Repository. It is expected, that the circumstance of a young lady of 18 *years, losing her affectionate parents, and just leaving (perhaps for ever) the place of her nativity, the companions of her childhood, and the endeared friends of her maturer years, will be interesting, in some degree, to a warm and generous sensibility; and it is fondly hoped, that this consideration, joined to that of her never having been favoured with the auspicious sunshine of a learned education, will induce the reader to lay aside the character of the critic, and act as the friend of female merit, tho' even "born to blush unseen." I cannot, indeed, help observing, in this place, that, as our* political republic *appears to be progressing towards a grade of distinguished eminence, so does our* literary republic, *by an extensive dissemination of knowledge, exhibit fair promises of not being far behind her: We, therefore, as* REAL AMERICANS, *must be convinced, that the tender buds of* genius *ought to be cherished by the fostering care of Patronage, rather than be nipped by the cold hand of severe Criticism.—And with regard to the benign influence of* POETRY, *I cannot express myself more forcibly, than in the glowing language of a late animated writer—*

"The prevalence of poetry," says he, "has "in all ages, and countries, marked a vigo- "rous state of the human faculties. If "we trace the history of mankind, we shall "find, that the Muses *have, uniformly, at- "tended the progress of* Liberty; *and the "influence of poetry has contributed to fan "and keep alive the vestal fire of* Freedom."

G. B——H.

TO MRS. ———

THO' far from you, and Lancaster, I roam,
Oft shall I think upon my native home;
Where sad reflection makes me call to mind,
Our friends, our cottage, all, all left behind.
A stifled sigh in secret will arise,
And tears of anguish trickle from my eyes;
Alas! those eyes! which not long since have view'd,
A tender sire, affectionate and good;
But now, no more a father's pride and joy—
My bliss, too soon, has met with an alloy;
For unrelenting death an arrow drew,
And lodg'd it in a breast overwhelm'd with woe. (sign'd,
His much lov'd form is now to dust con-
And left his mourning children all behind;
Yet tho' this painful shock to us is giv'n,
We will not murmur at the will of heav'n;
For, if we ne'er forsake the paths of truth,
GOD will direct our inexperienc'd youth.
To you, dear madam, I my griefs unfold—
Ah! many yet, lie in my breast untold;
Long in that close recess, they must remain,
Since pen nor language can their force explain.
These hasty lines I thus address to you,
To bid, for aught I know, a last adieu:
But, neither time nor distance can remove,
My sentiments of gratitude and love.
For I your kindness only can repay,
With my best wishes to my latest day;
And those you have, warm from a troubled heart,
Which throbs with pain to think——how soon we part. ANNA.

☞ *The answer to this letter is promised for our next.*

THE LINNET AND THE MAGPIE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS MARIA.

Relying on a poet's claim,
Even beauty's faults I dare to name;
Then Mari', tho' not us'd to hear
Of faults—to one yet lend an ear.
The rose I saw you late admire,
From art, can it one charm acquire?
Or lily gain a fairer hue?
Emblem of innocence, and you;
The morning radiance of the sky,
From art, can it receive a dye?
Did e'er the great Apollo's art,
Pourtray the blush, that speaks the heart?
Or could'st thou view the native grace,
And beauty that adorn thy face—
Consult thy glass, and then declare,
If art could aid one beauty there?
Why then by false opinion's sway,
Must Mari' quit the vocal lay?
What tho' no rules of slavish art,
To thee, their dull restraints impart—
Mari' still boasts a guide more kind,
The pow'r that harmoniz'd her mind,
That taught the chirping feather'd throng,
The sweetest melody of song.

How seldom art and nature meet,
To make a finite work complete—
The boy, by nature meant a dunce,
Is tutor'd at a great expence,
Spends twenty years or more, at school,
And issues forth——a learned fool.

The youth, by nature's favour blest,
By chilling penury deprest,
Aspires perhaps, by innate force,
Nor chart, nor compass guide his course—
Still doom'd in error's paths to stray,
And dies—whilst searching out his way.
Handmaid to nature, art may be,
But boasts in vain equality—
Nature, she lends a graceful air,
Herself, a proud, affected fair.

A linnet in a verdant grove,
Attun'd her notes to strains of love—
Her native airs, and artless song,
In rapture held the feather'd throng,
Her powers, the lark and thrush confess'd,
By mute attention best express'd.

Just then a magpie pass'd that way,
He'd stroll'd from town—so fine a day;
No native of the wood was he,
But city bred—polite, and free.
Much care his education cost,
Which some consider'd labour lost;
To every art he laid a claim,
Yet but in music sought for fame.
The linnet's notes attract his ears,
His breast corrosive envy tears:
Onwards he struts with solemn pace,
Then cries—"What harsh discordant airs,
Are those which thus offend my ears?
Say, mean plebeian of the wood,
Can vanity so far delude?
You sing—they sure at best must shame it,
Who know not *flat*, nor *sharp*, nor *gamut*;
Nor can the nice distinction see,
'Twixt *tweedledum* and *tweedledee*.
E'en could you sing—a wretch *solo*,
No one of taste could ever hear you;
They scarce will listen to a *duet*,
And sleep before the players are thro' it,
No, let me hear a grand *concerto*,
Which not t' admire shews want of *virtue*,
A dozen scrapers, each a *Handel*,
Might charm the heart of *Goth* or *Vandal*,
Music throws well—bred Miss in vapours,
If not perform'd by *fifty scrapers*.

"Forbear," the linnet cry'd, "your wit
I grant, is pertinent and meet—
Nor vainly think of competition,
With your superior erudition;
We dare not emulate your lays,
Nor ask the tribute of your praise:
By love and nature's voice inspir'd,
I sing—but not to be admir'd.
Content with humble strains like these,
And pleas'd ourselves—we always please.
Unbless'd with your exquisite sense,
With higher pleasures we dispense;
Each nice discernment leave to you,
If few our arts—our wants are few.

H. E. L.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY—EXTRA.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1801.

☞ ADVERTISEMENTS of all kinds received at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository, and inserted at as low a rate as in any of the daily papers.

POWDER

For PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING

The Teeth and Gums.

GOOD TEETH are so obviously necessary for the enjoyment of many of the conveniencies and pleasures of life, contribute so larely to the preservation of that inestimable blessing HEALTH, and so strikingly adorn the countenance, that any discovery which has a tendency to prolong the duration of those that are uninjured, or which arrests others in their progress towards decay, ought to be considered as invaluable, and be made subservient to the comfort and happiness of every individual. More than twenty year's experience throughout Europe, particularly in London and Paris, has proved, that the use of the PARISIAN TOOTH POWDER makes the teeth beautifully white, prevents decay, preserves the gums in health, and the breath pure. It is therefore strongly recommended, as possessing the valuable properties above enumerated.

☞ Sold by appointment, by WILLIAM LEHMAN & Co. Druggists, at No. 97, South Second-street, directly opposite the City Tavern—in BOXES, at 50 and 25 cents each. tf

MAY 16.

The Art of Imitation.

FAITHFUL AND STRIKING LIKENESSES, IN MINIATURE, AS WELL AS IN CRAYON,

Elegantly Executed, at NO. 112, Sassafras, or Race-street; where every Application will be duly and punctually attended to.

☞ *The* ARTIST *is from* PARIS.

Wants Employment,

In a Retail Store,

A Young Man who can write tolerably. Recommendations as to his integrity & punctually can be given. Apply at Mr. Huddel's, in Water-street, near the Drawbridge.

MAY, 9th.

EDUCATION.

BRITON ESTILL

WISHES to inform his fellow-citizens, that he has removed his SCHOOL to the Corner of BREAD-STREET and FETTER LANE, (otherwise called Moravian and Watkin's Alley) where he teaches as usual both Sexes.

It would be needless to enlarge on the many advantages which his pupils in their present situation possess, as those who wish to place their children under his tuition, of course will judge for themselves. But it may not be amiss to observe, as ROOM, LIGHT, and AIR, are the well known essential properties of a School Room; that these properties his present situation possesses in an eminent degree.

He wishes further to avail himself of this opportunity of returning his most grateful acknowledgments for the past, pledging himself to those who may still be disposed to honour him with their confidence for the future, that nothing within the limits of his abilities shall be wanting to merit that patronage with which his former attempts have been so distinguishedly marked.

APRIL 25, 1801. 13t.

To be Let,

A DWELLING HOUSE,

In Spruce-street, between Third and Fourth-streets, opposite to Mr. Bingham's Garden,

And now occupied by the Viscount de Noailles. Possession will be given against the 27th of May inst.; if this is wanted sooner, the 1st and 2d stories may immediately be obtained. For further particulars enquire of

WILLIAM MARSHALL,
No. 118, Spruce-street.

RECEIVED FROM BALTIMORE,

And for sale at the office of the Philadelphia Repository,

(PRICE 75 CENTS)

A FEW COPIES OF

The Child of Pallas:

Devoted mostly to the Belles-Lettres.

BY CHARLES PRENTIS.

Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non - - - decit.

HORACE.

ALSO,

NEW CONVERSATION CARDS,

Containing about 60 Questions and Answers, with appropriate verses to each.

POSTSCRIPT.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON DRUNKENNESS.

"The Drunkard's portion is rags and misery."

OF all the frailties to which human nature is liable, there is none more degrading, none which has in its train so many evil consequences, as drunkenness; it is that which makes men monsters, yea, makes them worse than brutes; for beastly actions are not confined to quadrupeds alone; but man, that noble being man, partakes of their nature, and makes himself no better, when his unruly passions govern him:—And drunkenness, how apt it is to prevail! betraying the weakness of poor mortal man. In many forms, hideous and frightful, oft it shows itself with reason banished, circumspection gone! Behold some, docile, tractable, and withal quite generous, giving or throwing away the scanty pittance of their labour, the hard-got earnings of their daily work. Others, with dispositions soured, make dreadful havoc with their furniture, frightening (if married) their wives and children much: alas! poor souls, they bear the blunt of all—it is not enough to frighten, they sometimes beat and treat them most severely, for things perhaps done months before (which should have been forgot,) and often merely to gratify their brutal passions. Others more fierce, with rage and fury depicted on their countenances, pass through the streets like madmen, drawing mobs of boys around them, who take delight to plague, and make them fall sometimes plump in the mud, and then with skull half broke, fractured leg, or wounded arm, they attempt to rise, levelling around them blows, with oaths for each—disgraceful to humanity. Such is the picture of a drunken man—such are the woes of him whose thirst for spiritous liquors, causes him too oft to see the bottom of his jug before he is satisfied. Not thinking once, that "drunkards shall be clothed with rags, or that his lot is misery," as says my motto. But when again, his reason takes the helm, and cool reflection comes, which seldom fails to do her part—with what remorse his very soul is rack'd—what anguish tears his sorrowing heart, when on his neck, his babes cry out for bread—or when around the room he casts his eyes, and sees chairs wanting some a leg, others in confusion, lying some on the table, others near a looking-glass in pieces. Alas! he cries, these are the ruins of my drunken frolic; then sorrowing, lifts a wounded arm up to a bruised head, and wipes away a rising flood of tears, drops of compassion or remorse, no doubt, for his wife's sad treatment; and soothes her then, with saying, Indeed, indeed my

love, or dear, or honey, (or some soft word) I'll ne'er do so again, forgive me, I was drunk, that rogue Jack Grog-shop, laught so scornfully, because I would not drink away like him, that I was forced to drink my bumper to the bottom; and then, when that was done, we laid a bet, to see who could drink most—and got tipsy I suppose. But ah! you should have remembered you have a wife and children, answered the injur'd woman, who are dependent on your industry, and who by this mad frolic of your's, are now reduced almost to beggary, What will become of you, my dear sweet babes? she cries, clasping her arms around her children; alas! I fear your father's drunkenness, and sad example, will render ineffectual all my care, and make you worthless too; alas! my life is burdensome already, these scenes I fear will break my heart; what! oh my children, what will become of you?——What a picture is here, 'tis but a faint description of the miseries entailed by drunkenness—should it not then be a lesson to those, who too often give way to this disgraceful practice—should it not warn them to keep from all company, which would be likely to draw them from their domestic endearments, into this destructive habit. But alas! how many are there, who though they may be convinced of their error, still "beat the beaten tract," oft looking with remorse at their own wretchedness, and heaping promises on former resolutions, to do better; but when a jug of spirits, or a pot of ale comes in close contact with his longing eyes, he smacks his chops, and says, I'll take this one, and it shall be the last, and then up goes the jug, or wilfully the contents of the pot slides down the red road, his parched throat to cool. This is too oft the case, the reverse seldom happens; oh shame to tell—that man, generous and brave—for noblest ends too form'd—and who perhaps, would scorn to shrink from pointed daggers, or a cannon ball, could thus degrade himself, should have so little fortitude, as to give up to a jug full of spirits, or to be conquered by a pot of ale. H. S. R. I.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ON RICHES.

A JUVENILE ESSAY.

"It is more easy," said our Saviour, "for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven." And indeed we find that riches are generally attended with a degree of inattention, lukewarmness and irreligion, sufficient to justify the divine assertion. But this is a general truth, and which by no means confines the absolute impossibility of being virtuous and rich at the same time.

Experience will teach us, that many opulent persons have distributed their wealth with so much liberality, that they have appeared not to posses it more for themselves than mankind in general. Whilst on the other hand, riches in the possession of weak minded persons, by giving them the means of gratifying a multitude of irregular passions, have been the source of much mischief; for true it is, (though shameful to tell,) many avoid vice and extravagance more from the want of fortune to support it, in what is called a *genteel manner*, than from any inherent virtue they possess. "The wise man," says Seneca, "does not love "riches to excess, but he would by no "means chuse to divest himself of them; "he does not receive them into his soul, "but his house; he is careful of them, and "employs them for the purpose of opening "a wide field of virtue, and making it ap- "pear in all its splendor."

From these considerations I am induced to believe that it depends in a great measure on the possesor for the good or evil we are to receive from his wealth. We seldom see an unexpected turn of good fortune make any change in a man of understanding, except that it puts him in a situation to extend his bounties; whilst a man of contracted understanding, never fails to place his whole hope of happiness on riches. To this end, he hoards up in his coffers, that, which can only benefit man in circulation and exchange for other property. But he sees too late that his gold is only trash, in comparison with the benefits that might arise from a proper use of it.

SYLLA.

ADVICE from a FATHER to his SON.

I don't mind you'r taking a few glasses of wine in company; it cheers and enlivens, promotes mirth, spirit and conversation—Nay, if you can bear it, Tom, I don't much mind *this* bottle, or *that* bottle—but as you value yourself, and as you value my friendship—*beware of the other bottle.*

In all my experience in life, the mischief has been done by "*t'other bottle.*"—It makes us drunk, quarrelsome, stupid, stay out late, keep bad hours, and bad company, and bad every thing—therefore I say again Tom, BEWARE OF T'OTHER BOTTLE.

Epitaph on the Death of a Squirrel.

Thy time's no more, poor hapless Bun,
As ends thy life thus ends thy fun;
Thy rolling castle moves no more,
Thy merry caper now is o'er.
Death's hand, which ever icy seems,
Has stiffen'd thy once active limbs:
That thou wast dust we ever mourn'd,
But now to dust thou art return'd.

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